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ÆSOP

A T

TUNBRIDGE

O R,

A few Select FABLES

I N

V E R S E

B Y

No Person of Quality.

L O N D O N,

**Printed for, and are to be Sold by the
Author. 1698.**

AT 20 P

AT

TUNBRIDGE

OR

A few Select FABLES

IN

VERSE

BY

No Person of Quality

LONDON

Printed for and are to be sold by the
Author 1708

• To the READER.

Riding, of late, to take a little Air,
and crossing by some chance the Tun-
bridg Road, it was my fortune to
find a Parcel of Papers, which were doubt-
less by some unwary Passenger, who had
made more Haste than good Speed; and tak-
ing them up, I found they were the following
Fables: which, I imagine, some Young Gen-
tleman of Wit and Leisure, had diverted him-
self in composing, whilst he was obliged to
drink the Waters. The Entertainment they
gave me and my Friends, made me think of
making them Publick; and considering the
Nature of them, and that they were very fair-
ly written, it is not at all unlikely that the
Author had designed them for the Press him-
self. There are but two little Reasons to the
contrary, which may be also soon answered;
First, That they are too small to make a Book:
the Second, That some of the Fables are too
bold, and might expose the Author to some
Danger or Displeasure. As to the first Ob-
jection, whoever would be sure of Pleasing
must not be tedious; it happens but to a few
great Books to be read through; and many
good Authors have defeated their own purpose
of instructing the World, by frightening the
Reader with three or four hundred Pages: but
besides, the Nature of such a work as this, re-

To the Reader.

gives the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humour and good Appetite, which a long work could hardly do; and ten or 12 Morals are enow to amuse the Mind, and keep it exercised a good while. But after all, it may be there were many Fables intended to follow these; and the Author has nothing to say, but that these were all found, and thought they were too many to be lost to the Publick.

To the other Objection, the Author having nothing to fear, has nothing to answer; for they are publish'd, if not without his Will, without his Knowledge. But should it be said that ten or 12 Fables are a little too old and angry, yet since there is some Foundation for such sort of Mutterings and Complaints from whence can our Rulers learn these Truths more inoffensively, than from such little Stories? they will not, perhaps, attend so easily to wise and good Men as they will to Foxes and Ases; and wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare to tell those Truths the Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know.

I will not altogether excuse the Exaggeration of Matters in the Twelfth Fable; for tho' our Bargain be dear enough; yet I can't tell what we should have done without it; and Things, I hope, will mend upon our hands, in good time.

ÆSOP

ÆSOP A T TUNBRIDGE

F A B. I.

Fair Warning.

IN *Æsop's* new-made World of Wit,
 Where Beasts could talk, and read, and write,
 And say and do as he saw fit
 A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,
 And represented by an *Ass*;
 And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd
 That he defamed was;
 Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
 Whether you are defam'd or no?
 How can you prove that he must mean
 You, rather than another Man?
 Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,
 All Circumstances so agree,
 And all the Neighbours say 'tis so.
 That's somewhat, quoth the Judge, indeed;
 But let this Matter pass
 Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,
 But Application made the *Ass*.

A 3

F A B.

F A B. II.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground,
 And flirtd up a Pearl;
 I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found
 By some great Lord or Earl.
 My self a single Barly-corn
 Would, surely, rather find :
 We Creatures that are dull, Earth-borne,
 Things only useful mind,
 Whilst they who are divinely Wise,
 And do from *you* proceed,
 Thy lovely orient Lustre prize,
 And for thy Beauty trade.

F A B. III.

Of the Horse and Ass.

A Horse and Ass were journeying on their way,
 The Horse was only harness'd, light, and gay ;
 The Ass was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind,
 And thus, at length, bespake his Friend,
 Companion, take some pity on my State,
 And ease me but of half my Weight;
 Half will to you no burthen be,
 And yet a mighty help to me.
 The Horse laugh'd loud, and shook his Head,
 And wantonly curvetting said ;
 Signior, we Horses never choose
 The Burthens that we can refuse ;
 And should such Jest upon me pass,
 Methinks I should be but an Ass.
 The Ass quite spent, and vex'd to be deny'd,
 Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.
 The Master coming up, took off the Sack,
 And threw it on the Horse's Back :

And

And having flaid his *Ape*, he threw
 The filthy Hide upon him too.
 At which the *Horse*, thus sadly humbled, cry'd.
 (Letting some Tears for Grief and Anger fall)
 Whether 'twere Cruelty, or Pride,
 That I so fair Request deny'd.
 I am justly serv'd, and made to carry all.

*The Asses of the South and East
 Desire the Horses of the North and West,
 That, as to Parliament they trot,
 This Fable may not be forgot.*

F A B. IV.

Of the Judgment of the *Ape*.

A *Wolf* complain'd that he had lost a *Lamb*,
 And strait impleads a *Fox* of no good Fame,
 (Who had a *Lamb*) that he had stoln the same,
 An *Ape* was to decide the Cause,
 Having some Knowledge in the Laws.
 No Counsel was by either feed,
 Each would his Cause, in Person, plead;
 And so they did, with mighty heat;
 The Judge himself did almost sweat,
 To hear the force of their Debate.
 How they accuse, and how defend,
 How they reply'd, joyn'd and rejoyn'd.
 At length in pity to the Court,
 The Judg was fain to cut them short;
 And thus determin'd —— *Sirs*, in troth,
 The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.
 You, Mr. *Wolf*, have, doubtless, lost no *Lamb*;
 And, *Renard*, you as surely stole that same;
 But not from him, If Justice might prevail,
 You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

*So two great Lords for an Estate may fight,
 Which does to neither appertain, by Right.*

F A B V.

Of the Horse and Man.

A *Fierce wild Bear*, of monstrous size and force,
 Did once, in early days, affront a *Horse*:
 Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will
 To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill;
 And therefore, chaf'd and resolute, he ran
 To the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man*.
 I come, Superiour Power, whom *Jove* hath made
 His Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid,
 Against a sordid Brute, who injures me,
 And likewise speaks contemptibly of Thee.
Jove whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to thee kind,
 And sent thee where thou shalt Assistance find.
 But this injurious *Bear* will never meet
 Our Arms upon the Plain, but trusts his Feet.
 But shall his Feet then his Protection be,
 Since Swiftness is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?
 (Mark it, my Friend, this Insolence
 Deprives us of our common Sense.)
 This doubtless he forgot; so will not we.
 You, for Convenience, will a while submit
 To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;
 And take me on your Back, till we shall see
 This your outrageous Enemy.
 Up, said the Horse then, let us never rest,
 Till we have found this cursed Beast.
 Away then to the Woods they flew.
 The Horse his Haunts and Coverts knew,
 And there his Foe, the dextrous Warriour flew.
 This done, they jocund homewards make,
 And thus the Horse the Man bespake.
 Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is past,
 I to my wonted Fields, and Friends must haste.
 Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so soon:
Your Business is, but *Mine* is not yet done.
 Some Service there remains, due to the Aid
 I lent you, which must be repaid.

This

This said, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;
 Where the poor Creature, thus with Sorrow spake:
 Slight was the Injury of the Boar,
 And might, perhaps, have been no more:
 But now I'm utterly undone,
 My Ease and Liberty are gone.
 Sweet is Revenge, just in the Taste;
 But surely Bitterness at last.
 Let other Creatures warning take,
 What Bargains they in Passion make.
 Let Nations also take good care,
 That they with many Hardships bear,
 Rather than seek Redress abroad;
 Which is but adding to their Load.

F A B. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO Welchmen Partners in a Cow,
 Resolv'd to sell her dear;
 And laid their Heads together, how
 To do't at Ludlow Fair.
 It was a sultry Summers Day,
 When out they drove the Beast;
 And having got about half way,
 They sat them down to rest.
 The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
 (The place with Grass being stor'd)
 Fed by; and whilst she was a feeding,
 Let fall a mighty T--
 Roger, quoth Hugh, I tell thee what,
 Two Words and I have done;
 If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
 The Cow is all thy own.
 'Tis done, quoth Roger, 'tis agree'd,
 And to't he went a pace;
 He seem'd so eager sett, 'tis said,
 That he forgot his Grace.
 He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
 And up he slopt the Stuff;

Till, by the time that half was done,
 He felt he had enough.
 He felt; but scorning to go back,
 Would look as if he wanted more;
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
 With as much Vigor as before.
 But stopping short a while, he cry'd,
 How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh*?
 I hope, by this, you're satisfied,
 Who's Master of the Cow.
 Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choak thee,
 For nothing else can do't,)
 I'm satisfi'd that thou hast broke me,
 U leis thou wilt give out.
 Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine;
 Why, what have I been doing?
 But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy Ruine.
 My Heart now turns against such Gains;
 I know th' art piteous poor,
 Eat thou the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.
 God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*?
 That Proffer none can gainsay;
 With that, he readily fell to,
 And eat his share o'th' *Tanfie*.
 Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w' are ev'n, no doubt,
 And neither side much Winner.
 So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
 This damn'd confounded Dinner.
 Let this, both to our Wars and Peace
 Be honestly app'y'd;
 France and th' Allies have done no less,
 That what these Welch-men did.

 F A B. YH.

The Frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marshes strove.
 For the Reward of Empire and of Love;
 Which

Which should the fairest Heifer gain,
 And which should govern all the Plain.
 This, when a Frog hard by perceiv'd,
 He sigh'd, and sob'd, and sorely griev'd,
 He hung his Head, and made great moan,
 As though he had lost his Wife or Son.
 At which a neighbour Frog admir'd,
 And kindly of the Cause enquir'd;
 Which when he knew, he said in haste,
 And Gossip, is this all at last?
 If this and that great Loggerheaded Bull
 Will try the Thickness of each others Scall,
 E'en let them do, as fit they see:
 But what is that to You and Me?
 If that, replied the other, were all indeed,
 We should about this Matter be agreed.
 I should not care a single Groat,
 To see 'em tear each others Throat;
 But, Friend, the Creatures of such Might,
 Can never meet in Field to fight,
 But in the Fury of their full Career,
 Both you and I endanger'd are;
 And all our kindred Tribes below,
 In hazard of their Lives must go.
 When Bulls rush on, or when retreat for Breath,
 They'll tread a hundred of us little Folks to death.
 If Kings would fight themselves alone,
 Their People still secure,
 No mortal Man would part 'em sure,
 But let them e'en fight on.
 But when the Subjects Blood is spilt,
 And their Estates are drain'd,
 To justify a Princes Guilt,
 Or have his Vanity maintain'd;
 When they must pay for all at last,
 That Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay waste;
 The poorest Man alive may fear,
 And pray against the Miseries of War.

F A B. VIII.

Of a *Span* and his *Ass*.

A Wretched *Churl* was trav'ling with his *Ass*,
 Beneath two Panniers Load oppress'd ;
 And hearing Noise behind, cry'd to the *Beast*,
 Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace ;
 Else I'm undone, and all my Market's naught ;
 And thou thy self will by the Rogues be caught.
 Caught? quoth the *Beast*, what if I be?
 What will it signify to me?

My Panniers are so full, they'll hold no more;
 I carry two and cannot carry four.
 Twixt Rogues and You, I can no difference make,
 They are all Rogues to me, who break my back.
Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry.
And Slavery's cursed Yoke ;
Whilst with our Ancient Liberty,
Our very Backs are broke.
France is a Thief; but France can do no more,
Than keep the Panniers on we had before.

F A B. IX.

Of a *Wolf*.

A *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehall*,
 Where he had *Statesman* been,
 Built for himself a Box so small,
 That few could be receiv'd within.
 The Country all admir'd at this,
 And could not at the Reason guess.
 Why one so Wealthy and so Great,
 Should cage himself at such a rate.
 Till at the last a *Fox* came by,
 A Courtier also, sleek and fly,
 And thus in earnest and in jest,
 His Reason gave amongst the rest,

Perhaps

Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends,
Here to receive only *his house* Friends,

F A B. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

TWO Travellers an Oyster found,
Dropt from some Pannier down;
Each stoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.
Since both can't have it all, said one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, says the other, all or none,
But all belongs to me.
One Serjeant *Law*, by chance came by,
And he must end the Strife:
Which thing he did immediately,
With his deciding Knife.
He took the Fish, and cut it up.
(This Cause he opened well)
And fairly did the Oyster sup,
And gave to each a Shell.
And if hereafter Causes rise,
Where People can't agree,
I know, quoth he, you'll be so wise
To refer them still to me.
My Name is *Law*, my Chambers are
At some of the Inns of Court,
Or Serjeant's, or Westminster,
Where all for Help resort.
Sir, quo' the Men, trust us for that,
We shall not fail to tell,
'Twas *Law* thar did the Oyster eat,
And left to Us the Shell.

FAB

F A B. XI.

Of the Pigeons.

THE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars.
The *Pigeons* they stood looking on,
And, full of Pity, made great moan;
To see how bloodily they fought,
And each the others Ruine sought.
And never would these Creatures cease,
Till they had mediated a Peace.
The *Hawks* did easily consent,
So Peace was made; and home they went,
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to pass their time away;
They fairly made one general Swoop,
And eat their Mediator up.

Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
And so escap'd the Massacre,
Of which the One to th' Other said,
How came our Kindred all so mad?
Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever should
Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.
The Wicked have a natural Rage,
(A thirst of Violence to allwage.)
Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,
Will fall upon the *Imocent*.

So the poor *Hugonots* of France.

And *Naudois* full as poor.

Pray'd loudly, in their *Imocence*.

That God would Peace restore.

Peace was restor'd; but Peace to them

No Safety did restore;

Their *Hawks* employ'd their Power and Time

Much worse than e'er before.

And thou, O Church of England Dove,

Doat not upon thy Peace;

That may, than War, more fatal prove,

Both to thy Wealth and Ease.

F A B.

F A B. XH.

The Farmer and the Goose.

A Hare did once into a Garden get
 Belonging to a Farm;
 Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat,
 And do some little Harm.
 The Farmer cours'd her round and round,
 But got her not away;
 Puss took a liking to the Ground,
 And there resolv'd to stay.
 Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
 Since you are grown so bold,
 I shall some more Assistance get,
 And drive you from your Hold.
 And straight he, sends to a young Squire,
 That he, by break of day
 Would with his Pack of Hounds repair,
 And sport himself that way.
 The Squire, as ask'd, attended came
 With Folks, and Horse, and Hounds;
 And in pursuance of the Game,
 Rode over all the Grounds.
 They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,
 And made most fearful Wast;
 They traml'd all the Garden round,
 And kill'd poor Puss at last.
 At this the Farmer tore his Hair,
 And swore most bloodily,
 Zounds! What confounded work is here?
 And what a Fool am I?
 Not fifty Hares, in fifty Days,
 Had so much Mischief done,
 As this good Squire (whom I must praise
 And thank) hath wrought in One.
 If our Deliverance from the Frights
 Of standing Army near,
 And silly Superstitious Rites,
 Worth Forty Millions were.

Then have we wisely broke our Mounds;

That our Defences were,
Wisely call'd in our Neighbour's Hands,

And kill'd the dangerous Hare,
But if, with all this vast Expence,

Besides a Sea of Blood
Spilt in the Church and States Defence,

Our Matters stand much as they stood,
Then have we done a World of ill,

With endless Grief and Pains,
A little harmful Hare to kill;

And well deserve the Brains.

FA B. XHI.

Poetry is Cate.

A Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,
And thirty after Fame,
Was musing long which way to get
An everlasting Name.
And having heard of Poetry,
And its Immortal Traile,
He thought the way to Fame might be
By courting of the Muses;
He heard how many a Noble Man
Laid Claim to Homer's Brains,
To purchase from it a Renown,
Above the rest of th' Earth.
This kindl'd in his generous Mind
A strong and noble Fire;
He seem'd for nothing else design'd,
Could nothing else desire.
The Father finding this intent
Ill with his State agreed,
That, living, wanted Six per Cent,
Much more than Fame, when dead;
Resolv'd to try to cure his Mind,
And change his vain Designs,
And could no fitter Method find,
Than sending him these Lines.

Seven wealthy Towns contend for HOMER Dead,
Through which the Living HOMER begg'd his Bread.

FINIS.



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